

THE LEISURE HOUR

A FAMILY JOURNAL OF INSTRUCTION AND RECREATION.

"BEHOLD IN THESE WHAT LEISURE HOURS DEMAND,—AMUSEMENT AND TRUE KNOWLEDGE HAND IN HAND."—*Cotter.*



THE TRONGATE.

AUNTIE KIRSTY'S VISIT TO GLASGOW.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "MATTHEW MORRISON."

I.

I AM an old bachelor, and have no near relations in this world. My housekeeper Nelly (Mrs. Pender the neighbours and those we deal with call her, but to me she is only Nelly) is my oldest friend with one exception, and indeed more friend than servant.

"Mr. Matthew," said Nelly one evening—for
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she always keeps me company then if no friend has dropped in—"Mr. Matthew, I often wonder that we are such slaves to habit. If we weren't, what should hinder you and me from going cannily back to the old place and ending our days there? I often find myself yirning after it when the days turn long and warm, and the setting sun glints bonnily on the craigs and Arthur's Seat; and then I marvel at our folly in living on in a close stoury (dusty) town, when we might have green grass and trees,

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PRICE ONE PENNY.

and maybe a bit running burn before our door; and a bonnie garden with flowers and grozzet (gooseberry) bushes, and a bleaching-green of our own.

"Still, Mr. Matthew, when the days begin to draw in, and get wet and cold, I canna say but I'm thankful to be so near kirk and market. I'm no so strong and supple as I have been, and there's a great difference between stepping down to the flesher's at the corner for our bit pound o' steak or minced collops, to sending two or maybe three miles for it in the country; and the meat often as tough (tough) as bend leather when you get it.

"And then the country kirks, that are a pleasure to sit in in summer, when you can see the green kirk-yard and the waving trees and the blue sky through the windows and the open door, are awfully cold and comfortless in winter—it's like sitting in a damp collar to be in them, and every other body has a hoast (cough). It's a great comfort to have a kirk near one, there's no doubt; and they're very particular in heating the stoves in ours; and that's why I never grudge to give the bedral a half-crown at the new year, while most put him off with a shilling.

"But I have kent some, Mr. Matthew, who, rather than bide in a town with all its comforts, would have preferred to live in the poorest bigging in all the country. There was my Auntie Kirsty—far from thinking a town either a cheerful or a comfortable place, she held to her dying day it was neither, and that the most of the folk there were just thieves and vagabonds. But then she was only once in a town in her life, and she got a fright at that time besides."

"How was that, Nelly?" said I.

"I dinna think, Mr. Matthew," said Nelly, settling herself more comfortably in her chair, and sticking her knitting-needles carefully into the feather sheaf at her waist, as she always does before telling a story—"I dinna think that you ever heard me speak of my Auntie Kirsty before. I am sure, at least, that you never saw her, for at the time we lived in the manse she was an eldern woman, stopping at a farmhouse in Boulder parish. She wasna my full aunt, for my grandfather was twice married, and she and my Auntie Peggy were by the first wife, while my father was by the second. When my grandfather died, and my Auntie Peggy got married to the tailor, she went among her mother's friends at the East Brae-side Farm, where she kept her cousin John Lundie's house till her death; and a good manager she was, and very kind to his motherless bairns. Many folk wondered that she and John didna make a match o't; but she was some years older than he was; besides, they had kent one another all their days, and I have often noticed that folk seldom think of marrying when that is the case.

"I dinna believe that marriage—at least, as regarded herself—ever entered into my Auntie Kirsty's head. For one thing, she had no time to think o't, and I canna but suspect that idleness is at the bottom of many matches. If folk had their hands full of work there would be fewer thoughtless marriages.

"My Auntie Kirsty," continued Nelly, "was aye the worker in her father's family, and when she came to John's, truly she had her hands full. There were four wee motherless bairns to look after, two young light-headed hizzies to keep to their work, and most of the care of a large dairy farm on her shoulders, for John, honest man, aye took things easy. There was no wonder she didna get married.

"It wasna from ill-looks, however. She was a big, well-favoured, bouncing woman, I mind, with an arm like a man's for strength. I have seen her lift weights that many a man couldna stir. To see her going about her work with her coats weel kiltit to keep them clean, was just to see the picture of a throughgaun (practical), clever woman; and everybody said that John had just fallen on his feet for a housekeeper. But, though my Auntie Kirsty was all this, she was also very simple and tender-hearted, and just as ignorant as a bairn about the ways of the world; and no wonder, for she had never been out o' the country side she was born in. She had never seen Yoker even, though it was only ten miles from John's; but the truth was, she couldna be easily spared from home, and, 'deed, she cared little about it.

"But at last, one summer, about six years after she had gone to Braeside, when all the cows had calved, and the thrang (pressure of work) was by till the harvest came, it came into my Auntie Kirsty's head that she would like to go to Glasgow and see her sister Peggy and her family. Peggy and her man had settled in Glasgow soon after their marriage; for Rabby was a pushing chield, and had heard of a good opening there in his trade; and, 'deed, he got on wonderfully. Peggy had been through once to see her friends, but it was years since; and every time she wrote to them, which was about twice a year, she was very fain that her sister or some o' them should come and pay her a visit.

"My Auntie Kirsty couldna be at the trouble of writing to say she was coming—for, well-a-wat! she could handle a milk-bowie (milk-pail) nuckle better than a pen—but she got Rabby's direction by heart; and though Glasgow, she heard, was a place just extraordinary for bigness, she thought, having a Scotch tongue in her head, that there would be no difficulty in finding the way to the house she wanted.

"Well, my Auntie Kirsty got a far-away cousin of her own to fill her place at the farm till she came back, which she meant to do in three weeks; and very early on a fine summer morning she started—no empty handed, you may be sure—for Glasgow. She had a bundle with a change and her Sabbath-day's gown and shawl in it, for she didna travel in her best, besides a basket with some fresh eggs and butter and two pair o' ducks that she was taking as a treat like to her town friends. She would have nothing to do with a coach, though one ran through Yoker to Glasgow; she had never been in one in her life, and she thought she was safer trusting to her own legs. John sent a cart with her for the first twelve miles, and after that she had to walk as many more to reach the house of an old acquaintance who, she knew, would be glad to see her, and with whom she meant to bide a night.

"She had no trouble in finding her out, for the house stood by the roadside on the outskirts of a small town that she had to pass through; and well pleased was her friend to see her, for they hadna met since my auntie had gone to John's. Of course they had many old stories to crack about, and new ones too, for her friend had got married since she had seen her; and if my Auntie Kirsty hadna a man and weans o' her own to make cares for her to talk about like the other, she had toil enough with John and his, if she had been of a compleening turn o' mind, which she wasna.

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would stay longer with her; but my Auntie Kirsty would only consent to stay another night on the home-going; she was fain to see her sister, and she was off and on the road again by break o' day. She took the walking very cannily, for she wasna used to travelling, and she had the whole day before her; besides, her feet were something sore with her yesterday's tramp. She bathed them now and then in the roadside burns to cool them; for my Auntie Kirsty was too careful a woman to think of walking in shoes and stockings. She had clean thread stockings and well blackened shoes in her bundle, and she didna put them on till she was near to Glasgow.

"My Auntie Kirsty thought the country she passed through was very bonnie of its kind; but she was rather wearied of the constant sight of the dusty hedges that bordered the road; and though the corn land and the tattie (potato) rigs were very fine, she couldna help missing the quiet green braes and grassy holms of her own place. She didna call at any public on the road to refresh herself; for she wasna used to such places, and, 'deed, would have thought shame, being a single woman, to be seen in them eating and drinking; for my Auntie Kirsty had a decent pride in her good name. She had a piece bread and cheese in her pouch, which her friend had given her, and she sat down and took her twal-hours (noon meal) at a quiet bit of the road where a saugh (willow) tree or two hung over a burn. 'Rest and be thankful,' she called the place, for she was beginning to feel tired, and would have been glad to be at her journey's end.

"It was wearing on now in the afternoon, and she thought she was very long of coming to the town. Every bit cluster of houses she saw before her she took for Glasgow, and she had many a disappointment when she came up to them, and found they were just two rows—sometimes only one—of low cot-houses, with a storied one here and there among them, like the Kirkton of Boulder. She aye asked at these small towns how far she was from Glasgow, for she was so little accustomed to mile-stones—the Braeside farm being gey far off the high road—that she never thought of looking at them. She got civil answers to her questions, though the folk didna scruple to ask her where she came from, and who she was going to see in Glasgow; and my auntie had no objections to satisfy them, for she thought she had no cause to be ashamed of her folk, and she was aye of a free and furthy (frank) nature.

"At length she came to a bigger town than any she had seen yet, and this she had no doubt was Glasgow. But it was only Ru'glen, a woman told her—that all west country folk ken lies a wee bit out of the city; so my auntie, with many a weary groan, went her ways down a street so "syde-and-wyde" that there was elbow-room for every one in Boulder in it. Her feet had now as many blisters on them as there were shillings in her purse; and she went hirpling slowly down a long loan (lane), asking her road every five minutes. But soon there was little needcessity for this; she saw she must be drawing near to the town, for the houses and travellers were growing thicker on the road, and the air was getting very close with reek (smoke)—so close that my Auntie Kirsty feared that some great fire, like what they had sometimes heard o' at the farm, had broken out in the town and was devouring all before it. I wonder, Mr. Matthew, what she would have thought

of the black smoke that the Glasgow lums (chimneys) vomit at the present day, when she was so struck by it seventy years back.

"My Auntie Kirsty was uneasy in her mind, and she made as muckle haste as she could in the state her feet were in, for fear the fire might be in the neighbourhood of Peggy's house; but she was soon relieved by discovering that the reek, which was as thick as if it came from a lime-kiln, was pouring out from some long brick lums that rose high in the air above the houses, and she minded now what she had heard about the mills of Glasgow. She saw a woman standing at a door-cheek dancing a bairn in her arms, and she stopped and asked her if this was the Briggate o' Glasgow, or if she was near it.

"'The Briggate o' Glasgow!' quo the wife. 'Wow's me! woman, ye've to cross the water before ye can get to the Briggate, and ye're just at the Gorbals the noo.'

"My auntie's heart sank within her; but on she hirpled, and at last she got through the Gorbals. She crossed a muckle brig (bridge) over the Clyde, and then turned down by the side of the river, as she had been directed; for now that she had got to the town she was so dumbfoundert with the strange sights and sounds about her that she was under the needcessity of asking her way every other minute. But the names of the streets went out o' her head as fast as she heard them, and the farther she got the more helpless and distressed she grew. Such a sight of slated houses she had never seen before, nor even dreamt o', and she soon began to fear that she would lose herself among them and never get to Peggy's. She had expected to find Glasgow only five or six times bigger than the Kirkton o' Boulder; but the houses she had seen already would have made more than twenty Kirktons, and she hadna come to the end o' them yet. If she was lost, seeking for her would be like seeking for a needle in a bundle of hay; and though she was so strong and stout a woman, she couldna think of this without her spirits sinking within her.

"Then all the stories she had ever heard—and many a one had reached Boulder parish—of the tricks and wickednesses that were prateezed in big towns, came rushing into her memory. Strangers had disappeared there, and never been heard of again, she had been told; and doctors kept resurrectionists in their pay, who were as ready to lay their murdering hands on the living as to lift the dead. She was a lone woman, and who kent but that they had their eye on her already! And as these thoughts passed through her mind, she began to cast timorsome looks about her, and more than one waff-looking (disreputable) character she set down as a body-snatcher.

"Such fears forced themselves into my Auntie Kirsty's mind whether she would or no—for you see she was altogether landward bred, and in these days there was little communication between the outlying districts and the great towns, and the packmen were almost the only news-carriers. She really didna ken whether it was better to go on or to turn back. She was in an awful swither (doubt); and the very sweat, she said, ran down her face with her fears and perplexities. But she was loath to give up the chance of seeing Peggy and the bairns after coming so far for that purpose; besides, she had now got so deep into the town that it was just as difficult for her to do the one as the other, no to mention her weariness.

So on she creepit, keeping a wary look about her, thinking she must surely soon leave the throng of the town behind her, and that she would find the Briggate—if ever she got there—a quiet place; for Peggy, she was morally persuaded, could never live in such a stir as was now about her.

"But the farther she went, the worse the din got, and the streets the closer; and she wandered on like a demented body, the folk pushing by her so fast, and knocking against her with so little ceremony—no doubt being a bouncing woman with a bundle on one arm and a basket on the other, she took more than her right share of the pavement—that she scarcely kent whether her head or her feet were uppermost.

"Surely," thought my Auntie Kirsty—surely something by-ordinary maun have happened in the town to put a' thae folk in such a hurry. I wish with a' my heart I was out o't, or that I had dropped a line to Rabby to meet me."

"At length she found herself in a grander and more crowded place than she had yet seen, which, I think, from her description, must have been the Trongate—you ken I was once in Glasgow with your mother, Mr. Matthew—for she stood glowering for a while, she said, in perfect astonishment at the effigy of a black man and horse—King William's statue it's like—that stood on a height of mason-work in front of a grand-looking building. The building had many queer faces carved on the outside o't above some muckle arches, beneath which well-drest gentlemen were walking up and down.

"Weel, the like o' that now!" said my Auntie Kirsty to herself—I just tell you the story as she used to tell it herself, Mr. Matthew—"I wonder what that man and horse are made o', and what garr'd (caused) folk stick them up so far above men's heads. It minds me," thought my Auntie Kirsty, 'o' the image that Nebuchadnezzar, king o' Babylon, set up for the people to worship, but I trow there's nae goold about this ane."

"And after taking a long look at the 'thing,' she minded herself, and walked on.

"But now the grandeur of the shops in the Trongate began to distract my Auntie Kirsty's thoughts, and though she was in such peril and uncertainty, she couldna help looking into every one she passed, wondering where all the bonnie things she saw came from, and thinking that surely all the riches of the world were displayed there at once. And there was one especially, with gold and silver things in't, that dazzled her very een to look at, it was so glittering with rings and chains and bonnie dies, no to mention trays, and candlesticks, and tea-pots of real silver.

"And then some of the folk she met in this street were just as extraordinary as the shops, so extraordinary that my Auntie Kirsty couldna keep from turning round to look after them. It wasna just the leddies, though they were every one as fine as peacocks; but she saw two or three of the college lads with their red gowns hanging about them, and my Auntie Kirsty, who had never seen such a thing on a man's back before, or heard tell o't, thought naturally enough, honest woman, that they were on the spree, and had borrowed their mother's duffle cloaks to go a guisarding in, though it was scarcely the right time of year for that nonsense.

"They'll no do muckle harm to them, though," thought my Auntie Kirsty, giving the lads as wide a

berth as the pavement would let her, 'for 'doed they're a' greatly in need o' a scouring.'

"But it didna do to be trifling her time in this way, and she in such perilous circumstances, so she began again to ask for the Briggate at the most sponisible (respectable-looking) folk of her own station that she saw. But she couldna clearly understand their directions; they were all in such a hurry, too, that she felt blate to question them. They told her to go up such an entry and through such a street, pointing with their fingers, and warning her when she was to turn to the right and when to the left; but they might as well have spoken to the wind, for their words just went in at one ear and out at the other. It wasna from weakness of judgment, Mr. Matthew; no, no, it was only because everything was so new and surprising to her. If they had been speaking of kye (cows) or country work she would have been sharp enough.

"She was just falling into a despairing state when up comes a decently put-on, tradesman-like man, who, after taking a good look at her, asked what was wrong with her.

"I'm on my way to my gudebrither's (brother-in-law's) house in the Briggate here," says my Auntie Kirsty, glad to tell her story; 'I never was in the town before, and, 'deed, I think the place maun be bewitched, for the farther I gang, the farther the Briggate flees frae me.'

"What's your gudebrother's name?" says the man.

"Robert McCorkindale, the tailor," says she.

"But the words had scarcely left her lips than the man out with a loud guffaw (laugh), and said that he kent her gudebrother weel, which didna seem extraordinary to my Auntie Kirsty, for Rabby had been well respected in his native place, and doubtless would be well kent in Glasgow; and it struck her that to have fallen in with this man in the time of her distress was surely a special interposition of Providence. So the man said that for Rabby's sake, and as she was a stranger, and might fall into bad company if she was left to find the road to the Briggate by herself, 'the town being fu' o' such,' he said—weel-a-wat! he spoke the truth there—he would see her safe into her gudebrother's house, though it took him out of his own road.

"Well, my Auntie Kirsty thought it very kind of the man, more by token as he would carry her bundle and basket, though she felt shame to let him; but he wouldna be hindered. And truly she found it a great easement, for she had come twenty miles that day with them, and they were gey and heavy, especially the basket. So off they set together, he before and she close behind, and as she followed him she made up her mind that when they came to the end of the journey she would e'en give him a pair of the ducks to himself as a compliment for his civility.

"My auntie was a very ceevil person herself, and didna think it was good manners to walk in company with anybody, especially a man so neighbourly and obleeing, without speaking to him, so she began with asking him how long it was since he had seen Rabby.

"Weel, I should say it's about three weeks," says the man, 'when I called to pay for this stand of claes that I had gotten from him.'

"My auntie looked approvingly at the claes, which were good corduroys, and for 'ilkaday' ones she thought they did Rabby credit.

"'And was Peggy and all the bairns weel then?' says she.

"'Extraordinary weel,' says he.

"'And can you tell me,' says my auntie, feeling aye the more friendly the longer she spoke, 'what kind o' like bairn wee Kirsty, my ain namedochter, is?'

"'I would say,' says the man, with a queer twinkle of his eye, as she minded afterwards, 'that she's no unlike yoursell, only she's gotten such an ugly hare-lip.'

"'Eh, sirs!' cries my auntie, dumbfoundert with this news, and forgetting she was on the street, 'they never said a word about it in the letter.'

"'You see they wouldna like to distress you,' says the man.

"'That maun have been it,' says my auntie. But just at that moment they came to the entrance of a close; and my auntie couldna tell what part of the town it was in.

"'Wait a minute here,' says the man, 'I have a message to give to a woman in here,' says he; 'but I'll be back directly—I'll not set down the things for a' the time.'

"So away went he through the close mouth, that was as dark as a Yule (Christmas) morning, and smelled as ill as any middenstead (dunghill) in all the country, and my auntie's bundle and basket went with him.

"Well, my auntie stood, and better stood, wondering at last, poor simple woman! what had become of the man. She was sore worn out with her two days' travelling along the hard road, and vexed with the news about wee Kirsty, and would have given the world, if she had had it, to have been at Peggy's fire-side with a cup of tea before her. Once or twice people came out of the close as she was waiting there, and both them and everybody that went by glowered at her till she began to feel shamefaced and bamboozled (embarrassed) like. She would gladly have taken herself away, but she behoved to wait for the man, and, weel-a-wat! he didna seem in any hurry.

"At last, when she had waited a most unconscionable time, and after a whole crowd of dirty, 'ne'er-do-weel' bairns had gathered round her, tormenting her with pulling at her gown and then running away, and with other tricks that ill-brought-up bairns are guilty of, a decent poor woman, carrying a basket with caps and staylases and such like things to sell, came out of the close.

"'You didna see a man in there,' says my poor Auntie Kirsty to her, 'with a basket, and a bundle tied up in a blue spotted napkin in his haunds, did you?'

"'No,' says the woman, 'I canna say I noticed him.'

"'He was a long, thin, black-a-vised man,' says my auntie; 'rather pock-marked (marked with small-pox), and with a cast in his ee (squint).'

"'I am sure I didna see him,' says the woman; 'but he had maybe gone out at the other end o' the close before I came through it.'

"My Auntie Kirsty thought it very queer, but she said nothing more to the woman. She would have gone up the close in search of the man, but it was a very dark and disreputable-like place, and she considered how easy, being her lone and a stranger, it would be to pull her into some house there, rob and maybe murder her, and afterwards make pies and

sassage meat of her body, as she had read about in the packmen's story books.

"The basket woman saw that there was something the matter with her, and says she, 'Is there anything wrang with you, mistress,' says she, 'that you're standing here?'

"'Naething,' says my Auntie Kirsty; 'but he's keepit me waiting a haill half-hour for him, and he promised only to bide a minute. I wish I saw my things again,' says my Auntie Kirsty.

"'Of course you ken the man?' says the woman.

"'No me,' says my Auntie Kirsty. 'I'm a stranger in the town, and, weel-a-wat! I wish I had never seen it—it's just a judgment kind o' place, I think,' says my Auntie, wiping the sweat off her face with the corner of her shawl.

"'But d'ye mean to say, mistress'—began the woman.

"'I'm no mair mistress than you're mem,' says my auntie, sharply, for her temper was beginning to give way under her troubles; 'Gude be thankit! I was never sae far left to mysell as to get married.'

"'Some folk might say that you're thankful for sma mercies,' says the woman, with a laugh; 'but I winna, for I have had my ain share o' the troubles o' married life, with a drunken man and five bairns to work for. But surely you were never such a fule as to give the man your things awa with him without kenning who he was?'

"'He tell'd me he kent my gudebrother, and he offered to take me to the Briggate and to carry my things for me,' says my auntie.

"'This is no the way to the Briggate,' says the woman. 'It's quite clear,' says the woman, 'that the man has cheated you, and that you'll never see your things again. He's slippit through at the other end of the close while you've been waiting here, and he'll be far enough awa by this time, sae there's na use in your biding here ony langer,' says she.

"'Oh, the black-hearted vagabond!' cries my poor Auntie Kirsty, 'to gang and take advantage of a puir stranger; and of a' things to steal my gude Sabbath day's gown and shawl that I havena had six times on my back yet, for I only bought them the last winter,' and though a stout-hearted woman she fairly fell to the greeting (crying).

"'But what made ye trust a body ye never saw before?' says the woman of the town to the woman of the country; 'ye couldna tell whether he mightna cheat ye.'

"'Wha was ever to suspect him?' says my auntie; 'he was baith well-spoken and well put on; the very claes he had on were made by Rabby, he said; and he tell'd me too that my wee namedochter had gotten a harshie lip—but he's maybe a leear as weel as a thief. They wouldna believe it at Braeside if I was to tell them. Wha could ever think that Glasgow was such a wicked place!'

"'There's bad and gude in a' places as weel as Glasgow,' says the woman. 'But let this be a lesson to you, my woman—since I mauna call you mistress—never to trust folk till you ken something about them. The next time you dinna ken your road, ask ane o' the caddies (porters) at the street corners to show you't; but Glasgow's no ill to find out, and you'll no lang need help to do't.'

"'Maybe sae,' says my auntie; 'but I wouldna bide twa nights here to be made queen o' Sheba. But you seem a decent woman—at least you have a' the appearance o't,' says my auntie, taking a good

look at her; 'and if you'll guide me to my gude-brother's, I'll make it worth your while. I suppose there's nae chance of that smooth-tongued vagabond coming back?' taking another look at the close.

"Ye may take my word for that," says the woman; 'and as to guiding ye to the Briggate, I'm agreeable. I'll do't for a sixpence, for I canna afford to lose my time, and ye dinna need to pay me till I've taken ye to your freends.'

"So off they set to the Briggate; and when my auntie saw Rabby's sign above the shop door, she knew all was right, and she gave the woman her sixpence.

"Rabby and Peggy were just extraordinary astonished and pleased to see her; but they were very sorry when they learnt what had befallen her, and also for the loss of the ducks and the other things. Rabby said, 'Set up the fellow's impudence,' on hearing that he had passed himself off as a customer of his; and as for Peggy, she couldna get over 'the blackguard's dauring to misca a bairn o' hers—wi' his harshie lip.' And she lifted wee Kirsty out of her cradle, and brought her to her sister to show 'what a lee it was.' Rabby wanted to go to the police-office to give information about the robbery; but when my Auntie Kirsty understood that if the thief was discovered she would have to appear before a magistrate to identify him, she would have nothing to do with it.

"I'll rather lose every gown I hae," she said, 'than hae it kent in Boulder that I have been inside a police-office. And as for the other things,' said she, 'there's plenty mair where they came frae, and you can either send to Braeside for them, Peggy, or come for them yoursell with the bairns—a breath o' caller air would do ye a' muckle good after living sae lang in this ill-smelling town.'

ARAB STORY-TELLERS.

BY HOWARD HOPELEY.

IF you take a walk outside Cairo at sundown, about the time of the yearly pilgrimage, and have an observant eye, you may get acquainted with many of the familiar ways of Arab life. This is not generally an easy matter. The fact is, your true desert Arab is very shy of being observed. He will escort you, if you pay his tribe sufficient "black mail," over leagues of sandy waste and rocky wilderness. But in such case he is "on duty," and though your swarthy guard, after tethering their camels at the close of their day's march, may unbend a little over their evening watch-fire, yet they are very chary of letting you come and smoke a friendly pipe by their side. In the desert you sometimes, in your day's march, hit on a tent village, but your escort rarely lets you approach near enough to get a peep into this circle of nomad domestic life. But the chance happens at cities; for, however much your Arab hates cities he is bound to come near them for two reasons; one to buy and sell or barter—for there are certain commodities he must have. I remember hearing of a tribe brought to submission from this cause. Their depredations in the outskirts of a certain city had at length become unbearable. Like the Neapolitan brigands they kidnapped people outside the gates, and held them to ransom, great or small, according to the importance

of the victim. At last the governor, finding other means fail—for of what use are soldiers in the desert?—hit upon the following device: he cut off their supply of salt. By the nature of their territory these Arabs could only get salt at this city, and here it was rigidly denied them. For a while the tribe held on, but at last they were brought to book, thoroughly starved out. They had to submit to such terms as the governor listed. This, then, is one occasion of Arab contact with towns; the other is the negotiating for the escorting of caravans—caravans of traders, of travellers, of pilgrims. And for this latter reason, at the time of the great yearly pilgrimage you are sure to find at Cairo a strong gathering of these sons of the desert. You meet them in street and bazaar. Their bronzed skins and strange, haughty look mark them out from the throng. The motley crowd jostle by them, and turn round to look, half scared. You see plainly they are as much out of place and ill at ease in the busy streets as were Christian and Faithful in Vanity Fair. But though your Arab will venture within walls, he will not sleep within walls, and it is in the city outskirts, at the time of his evening meal, that you will best observe his ways.

At Cairo, on the desert fringe in the sandy waste out by the tombs of the caliphs, you thus come upon a whole population of desert Arabs—small encampments of them, knots of dusky figures grouped about watch fires, often a ring of camels picketed around the camp, silently ruminating, and sobbing with inward satisfaction, as camels do when they are pleased. Sometimes there is a rough tent in the background, but it is usually a mere piece of cloth strung across a pole. Your Arab holds to Saadi's creed: "Never in this world pitch your tent with pegs that stick in the earth too firmly, or carry useless baggage that you must ever keep ready packed for your start at a moment's warning." When supper, which is a meal partaken of out of one common bowl, is over—a thick pottage, soddan after the manner of Esau's pottage, with red lentils and bread, round which all sit and dip their hand in in turn—the pipes come into play, chibouke or hubble-bubble. Then each one disposes himself for ease or rest; the day's doings are discussed, or else somebody tells a story.

Now story-telling is quite an institution among the Arabs; nor is it wonderful, considering that they have neither books nor power to read them, how much pleasure these Arabs get out of a trumpery tale. They are a very imaginative race. Give them but an outline and they will fill in the picture with rose hues of their own. Sometimes they get a professional story-teller into their circle. Of course his stories, altered by passing from mouth to mouth, will do service again over many a watch-fire. There are many traditional stories, some weak enough, as I have heard them in the dragoman's translation, others recalling vividly the Arabian Nights. You may fancy the story-teller perhaps under a sycamore-tree, recounting the following (as a specimen):—

THE STORY OF THE CALIPH'S APE.

The illustrious Caliph Abdool Achmed, of happy memory, had an ape which he cherished with singular affection. It had been his companion for many years. It ate with him, slept in the caliph's private apartments, and in fact was seldom out of his majesty's sight. Often in his excursions through the city the caliph would have the ape to accompany him, borne on the shoulders of a slave mounted on a richly-

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caparisoned mule. And when he gave judgment in court this ape would take his place demurely behind the divan, like an assessor. And thus it was that every one in the city, from the highest to the lowest, knew the ape, and much honour was done it for the caliph's sake; indeed it was a question among the mollahs whether most reverence was paid to the ape or to the Grand Vizeer Haleel himself. As for the grand vizeer, though he secretly hated the monkey, yet he was fain, for appearance sake, to pay court to it. In fact, all in the palace did so, the chief of the Ethiopians and the under officers especially, who made profound salaams to it in his majesty's presence, but scowled at it and made grimaces when his back was turned. Thus it was evident no love was lost between the ape, who was an intelligent fellow, and the household of the caliph.

One morning, to the terror of everybody in Bagdad, the ape was missing. Cry was made for him in vain. The illustrious monarch was disconsolate. He called for Haleel. The grand vizeer hurried into his presence: was sorry, in fact mad with sorrow and vexation; but he had not seen the ape. Haleel called for the under officers. They came, and their grief knew no bounds; but they had not seen the ape. In this contingency the Grand Vizeer Haleel suggested that every one should be immediately put to death. But the bereaved caliph failed to see how that would mend the matter, and being a kind-hearted man, thought better that a council should be summoned at once. So the grand vizeer hastened away, and sent proclamations throughout the city, offering great rewards and denouncing severe punishments in the matter of this his master's loss. He also commanded the chief mollahs and wallahs to see that no nook or corner in Bagdad should escape the search.

But, alas! all was of no avail, and when Mirza Bashi, the chief of his majesty's magicians, was called in, and had burnt no end of drugs in the palace without effect, nearly suffocating the ladies of the harem, and when he had caused all the assembled officers to swallow, spite of their wry faces, a square of paper upon which had been written the ape's name within a triangle of strange hieroglyphics, and still without effect, then the caliph gave up all for lost.

One night, for the diversion of his sorrow, the illustrious caliph and the Grand Vizeer Haleel disguised themselves and went out by the secret gate of the palace gardens leading into the city. As they entered a narrow street they saw by the light of the moon an old man with a cast-net in his hand, sitting on a shop step sobbing violently. "Good man," said the vizeer, "what art thou?" "I am poor and miserable. I am a fisherman. I went from my house this morning to catch fish, but from that time to this I have not caught one." The kind-hearted caliph said to the fisherman, "Go to, my friend; go down once more and cast thy net. We will give thee a hundred pieces of silver for what thou dost bring up." The fisherman took the stranger at his word. They all went together to the river side, and the fisherman, by the light of the moon, throwing in his net, brought up a bundle firmly packed round in palm leaves, and tied up with a string. The caliph made the grand vizeer pay the fisherman the money, and sent him away. Haleel carried the bundle to the palace. When it was untied they found something done up in old clothes. These being removed, they discovered, to their great amazement and horror, the dead body of the lost ape. Unbounded was the grief

and anger of the caliph at this dreadful spectacle. Carried away with his passion, and darting an angry look at his vizeer, he said, "Ah! thou recreant; is this thy care about the things of my palace. Find out speedily the guilty one, or else I will cause thee to be hanged. I give thee ten days—no more—go!" The grand vizeer went home in great perplexity. He summoned the chief of the police; he summoned the chief of the mollahs; he summoned the chief of the bashis—and with them he conferred upon what was to be done in the present terrible crisis. The conference lasted some time; it was very secret, and the issue of it we must now tell.

When the great council broke up, the first thing done was for the head mollah to repair to the palace. He then sought out Mustapha, the chief of the Ethiopians. He found that great functionary in the gardens of the harem reclining under some pleasant shade eating a melon. "Brother," said the head mollah, "I am come on the part of the grand vizeer and my brother bashis upon a certain business that is well known to you, even the loss of his majesty's ape, for whom we know you entertained so great an affection."

The chief of the Ethiopians was on his feet instantly, moved with evident signs of deep feeling. "Yes," said he, half choking in his answer, partly by emotion, partly by a pip of the melon which in the excitement and hurry of the moment he had eaten too hastily—"yes, yes—oh, brother, that was a sad event!" and Mustapha for the first time looked up warily into the eyes of the head mollah. But the head mollah—

At this point the professional story-teller would make pause, and looking round would intimate to his most noble audience that they should be free in their contributions, and then he would tell them what the head mollah found out, and who killed the monkey.

Sonnets of the Sacred Year.

BY THE REV. S. J. STONE, M.A.

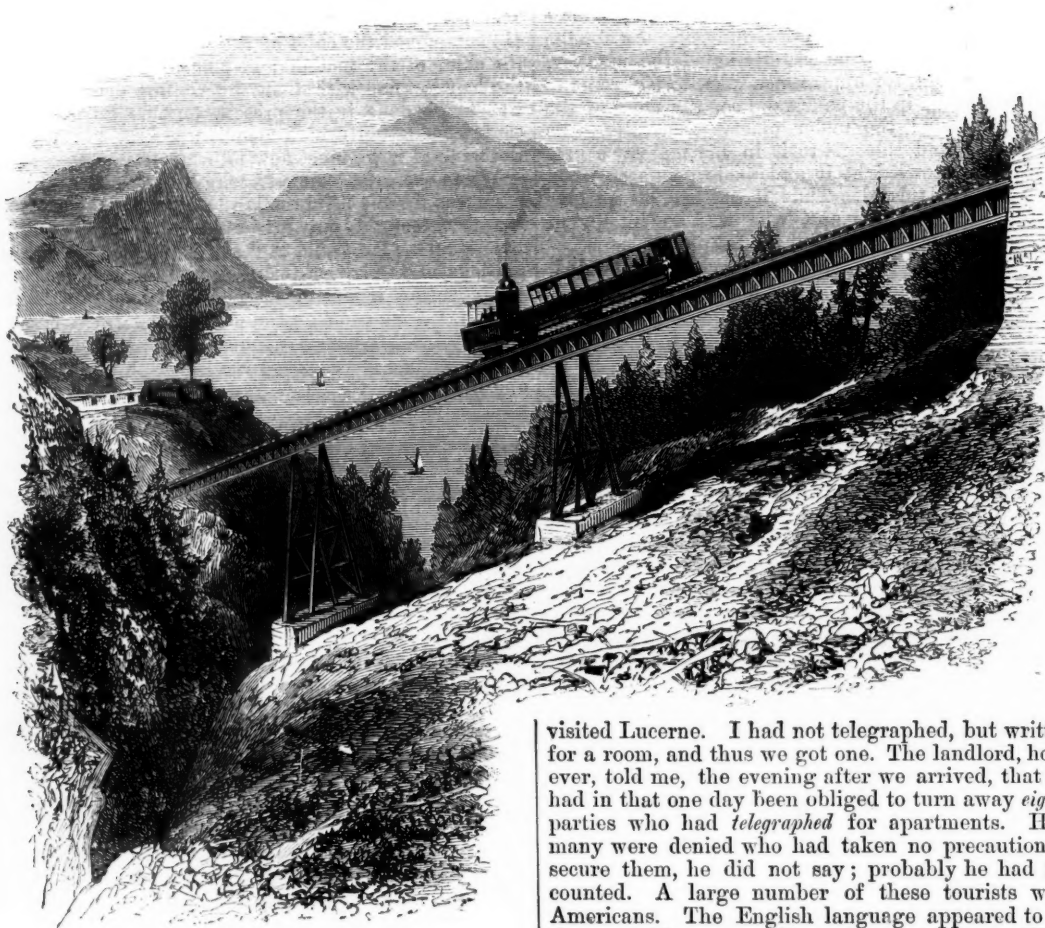
NINTH SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY.

"The children of this world are in their generation wiser than the children of light."—St. Luke xvi. 8.

THE martyrs of the world are strong and true
In every quest and aim within their scope—
In clear confession of their faith and hope;—
In will and heart hold they their end in view
Whatever rivals vie or tempters sue;
Must they in sunshine toil, in darkness grope,
Or with a host of envious foemen cope,
Still to their end they bravely dare and do.
Wise in their generation! O my God,
So rich am I in prospect, yet so poor
In purpose, so infirm and faint a doer
I' the very track of service Jesus trod!
I have before me all Thy glorious light,
Yet am I shamed by children of the night!

SWITZERLAND REVISITED.

BY THE REV. HARRY JONES, AUTHOR OF "THE REGULAR SWISS ROUND."



THE RIGI RAILWAY.

I HAD not set foot in Switzerland for five years when, in the summer of 1873, I took my ticket for Lucerne, and turned my face towards a land which again and again had provided me with most pleasant summer holidays. I was assured by friends that I should find so great a crowd enjoying itself in the old haunts, that I should hardly recognise the halting-places again. The alps and glaciers, the waterfalls and peaks, could not have their great features changed by any such addition to the number of admiring or merely gaping tourists as extra trains and steamboats were likely to bring, and thus I felt that the familiar phases of the "Swiss Round" could scarcely be affected.

But the crowd was immense in the larger tracks and roads, and in such towns as Lucerne. The St. Gothard Pass struck me, certainly, as being a shade less thronged by vehicles than Piccadilly; but I doubt if so many guests ever press upon the resources, say of the Langham, in a day, as there did upon those of the Schweizerhof when my wife and I

visited Lucerne. I had not telegraphed, but written for a room, and thus we got one. The landlord, however, told me, the evening after we arrived, that he had in that one day been obliged to turn away eighty parties who had telegraphed for apartments. How many were denied who had taken no precaution to secure them, he did not say; probably he had not counted. A large number of these tourists were Americans. The English language appeared to be the prevailing one. The steamers, too, ever filling and emptying themselves at the piers opposite the long row of hotels which fringe the lake, seemed to be crowded like the penny boats on the Thames on a Whit-Monday; and people said that the same huge stream of tourists poured through the streets and crammed the inns at Interlaken. I never saw anything like it before in Switzerland. Comparatively few, however, of these tourists seemed to contemplate any better acquaintance with the Alps than they could get by looking up at them from the sultry glare and white dust of the main tracks.

But stop, let me except the Rigi; unless, indeed, the road up it be not now the greatest track of all in Switzerland. My wife had never been up the Rigi, and we determined to visit it by the new railroad which ascends from Vitznau up to the very top. We went in a steamer, every seat in which was occupied, and whose deck was hidden by its human freight. I was curious to see this railroad; and as we approached Vitznau the line exhibited itself plainly on the side of the mountain which it obliquely traverses. It is so steep that one finds it difficult to realise that it

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can be traversed by locomotives, or be a railroad at all. In some places the gradients are one in three. For instance, to make this more clear, its slope is considerably steeper than that of the desk at which I am writing, and which I dare say is very much like any one in possession of most of my readers. I am pretty sure, too, that I have seen slate roofs not a bit more steep than the track of the Rigi railway, and the sharpest hills I ever *drove* up or down would be nothing to it.

Indeed, to tell the truth, trains, as this word is generally understood, do not travel upon it at all. Each carriage has an engine to itself, which butts it up the slope, and in descending goes very slowly, letting the carriage behind it down, as it were, an inch at a time. The top speed of a Rigi express is somewhere about four miles an hour; but the noise it makes is so great, and the pulsations of the engine are so rapid, that if you were to shut your eyes you would think it was going at the rate of sixty.

The locomotives are very like black bottles standing properly on their ends. The carriages are open at the sides, though capable of being closed by shutters, and are furnished with bare wooden seats close behind one another, and crossing the whole width of the carriage. These seats are not flat, but tilted up in front; otherwise, the incline of the railway being so steep, as I have said, the passengers would slip off. As there is an upright at the back of each seat, the carriage, looked at sideways, is not unlike an enormous toast-rack. Indeed, if you were to put a pint bottle of ale at the end of a toast-rack, the result would give you a very fair idea of one section of a Rigi train, seen pretty close.

Seen from some distance, say half a mile or so, this section of a train, as it crawls down the mountain, looks like a great black slug. Three or four of these slugs were crawling down as we steamed towards Vitznau.

The descent looks to be more dangerous than the ascent. You feel while coming down as if the engine were walking on its toes. The whole process seems so ticklish an affair, that you think, "If that break gives way we shall dive off the side of the mountain into the lake at once." But the locomotive has really a good grip of the line. Between the two rails there is a notched one, into which several cogwheels under the engine and carriage fit closely, so that, when the affair is soberly considered, it seems impossible for the train to get loose. The grip of these cogwheels of course serves to haul the train up as well as to let it down. Still the process *looks* a perilous one. It is difficult to separate the idea of danger from a railway carriage tilted as much up on end as a waggon would be that had its fore wheels taken off, and, at such a slope, dragged along with much noise, and a sort of threatening air of being about to start off down hill at the rate of fifty miles an hour to begin with.

A succession of trains, or rather one-engined carriages, crawling up all day, and all full of tourists, naturally results in a very considerable gathering of them at the top. I made a rough reckoning, and calculated that on the day we ascended some 1,500 people did the same. And this is without counting those who walked, were carried up on chairs, or rode by the seven other roads—I think there are seven—which lead from some part of the base of the Rigi to its summit. We found the hotels full—at least, those who arrived

directly after us did—and at dinner I made out that some 230 sat down. There had been an early dinner before ours, and another was to follow. The next morning was a cold one, and the sunrise a very chilly promise of warmth. However, our fellow-tourists got up most laudably or foolishly in crowds, and from our window we could see them clustering on the top of the hill till the summit looked like a heap of raisins. Though we secured some sleep after the din was over, it was murdered cruelly as the dawn approached. The well-known horrible cow-horns, six feet long, were blown "upstairs, downstairs," if not "in my lady's chamber." And then the executioners stood at the door of the hotel, cap in hand, to tax the tourists they had roused.

These mountain lines are, I believe, to be widely extended in Switzerland. Indeed, there seems to be no reason why they should not be made wherever tourists now ride. Thus it may be possible before very long to "do" most of the lower and familiar ascents by rail, and run about the mountain slopes in a carriage with a foot-warmer, rug, newspaper, sandwich-box, and all the rest of it, as easily as the cats traverse the roofs in my street. The idea is somehow humiliating to the grand old mountain sides, but to judge by the traffic up and down the Rigi, plenty of passengers will be found ready enough thus to gad about.

I didn't like it. The noise of the train is very considerable, and the smell of the engine anything but remote, let alone the scene, which will present itself, of the tremendous smash which would follow a failure of the cogwheels. After our experience of the Rigi line we set ourselves to get straight away for the Aeggischhorn by Hospenthal, the Furka, and Viesch, from which latter place the path mounts to that charming solitary hotel. We went by boat to Fluelen. What barren sides the lake of Lucerne has! What a doleful life the residents on its shores must lead! Not that there is much in the way of shore. In very many places—in more, perhaps, than exist in reality—there seems to be no ledge for resting on between the level of the lake and the cliff which rises at right angles from it. And yet there is a sort of rut or road bordering the water, and brown little strips of village stand, as they must have stood for hundreds of years, with their toes in the wet and their shoulders backed against the upright rocks in their rear. This struck me as marking the immense depth of the lake. It is necessarily fed copiously by streams from the melting snow in the upper regions, let alone the heavy rain of some seasons of the year, and yet this thin brown fringe of pine-built chalets keeps its place as witness to undrowned life at the very edge of the water.

Here is no shifting mere, but a mass of water so steady that occasional accretions make no such difference in its height as to be perceptible from a little distance. The strip of houses, though, looks so thin in comparison with the lofty sides of the cliffs at whose feet it is sprinkled, that one fancies a rise of a few feet would obliterate it altogether. The question occurs, What do these people live on? They have abundant means of quenching thirst, and I hope they manage to catch some fish, but where are the contiguous fields in which to grow their corn? Some seem as if ever in deep shade; and where occasionally the high summer sun can find its way into the recesses, the miserable little scraps of cultivated land, looking no bigger than dinner napkins,

as the retiring mountains leave a sorry bit of sloping soil, exhibit a crop that barely shows the yellow tint of ripened corn when the harvest on the level earth has long been gathered. Of course the alps, or grass tops of the lower hills, provide the chief means of sustenance to these pinched-up dwellers by the lake. There, for some few months, the village cows can thrive, and there the herbage is cut for stowage and use in the waterside villages during the long dark winter. Hence comes the direct food and chief commerce of these hardy people. But even at the cheeriest time of the year, when they get into the upper sunshine as they tend their dairies, their food is, likely enough, in many cases chiefly curds, relieved by the hardest and brownest of sour bread. They have a sharp pinch to make ends meet, these Swiss who live in such rough and narrow space, and must be trained masters of economy. Any one who looked closely into their procedure would find, I doubt not, many curious examples of economical ingenuity. Even an idle passer-by might notice how the cows in milk are not allowed to suppose they contribute their share only by their yield into the pail. You may see them dragging rough carts loaded with the hay which they have to eat, or with the cheeses into which they have helped to convert it.

Well, we went up the familiar St. Gothard Pass, over the Devil's Bridge—the huge slabs of rock skirting which lose none of their grandeur from repeated visits—to a new hotel on the damp, coarsely-herbaged plain where stands Hospenthal. And we were vividly struck by the evidence of fresh travel, and its conveniences, all along. There were very many more vehicles on the road than I ever remember to have seen before, and a railroad is being built to the entrance of another tunnel through the Alps. The St. Gothard, as well as the Mont Cenis, will, before very long, enable the traveller to plunge through its bowels into the sunshine of Italy. And yet on the top, or towards the top, far above the heads of the people in the subterranean train, boarding houses and hotels seem to grow with double speed. The hotel we went to, with its saloons, billiard-room, and lofty bedchambers—commanding, however, no particular view—is an example of the energy of innkeepers in Switzerland, and of the confidence with which they rely on the demand for more and more luxury from future crowds of tourists. Here again, high up in the clouds, there was no hope of room without previous telegrams or letters. Divers people who arrived after we did were turned away. The hotel was choke full. It struck me as if the tourists we met had much more of the air of town dwellers about them than in the old days. True, some of the gentlemen sat down in shooting jackets and the like to the late dinner in the elegant *salle-a-manger*, and thus made their protest against some of the conventionalisms and external proprieties from which they were making their month's escape, but I observed a growing tendency to "dress." Ah, well! I suppose that it is all right, but one of the old charms incidental to a Swiss tour was the certainty that no one would think twice about the putting on of a black coat instead of the comfortable grey jacket for any mountain dinner in the land.

The passes in Switzerland are becoming as well dressed as Pall Mall, and this, the St. Gothard, with its coming tunnel, and railway termini at its entrances, and first-class carriages, and grand hotels, will soon grow into the scene of as luxurious a passage into

Italy as can be found. How changed from the still older days when the mule track by Andermatt branched off over the Furka, and a little tower, which still stands, was supposed to guard the pass, manned by some half-dozen rough fellows with crossbows!

Every tourist in Switzerland knows the fine carriage road which of late years has superseded the bridle path over the Furka. It is, I think, in some respects, the finest drive in the Alps, not excluding even the Stelvio. This latter is more striking in some respects, but nowhere, as the carriage wheels round the corners of the zigzags, does the lounging occupant look on such pinnacles of ice under his elbow as on descending the Furka over the Rhone glacier. The road in places overhangs the wildest part of the icefall. You seem as if you might toss the end of the cigar you are smoking into a chaos of crevasses. If the driver of the diligence which goes swinging round those sharp turns ever does make a mistake there, he will leave no survivor to accuse his memory of carelessness.

We drove leisurely in a pretty pony carriage, the only one, I think, that I ever saw in the hill country of Switzerland, but which we happened to fall in with at Andermatt, and hired to take us to the hotel at the Glacier du Rhone. Talk of packing! Here was the closest fit of all. I never saw a dining-room so tightly crammed.

Next day we drove in one of the old-fashioned *chars* to Viesch, at the foot of the path to the Aeggischhorn, or Eggishorn. There are half a dozen ways of spelling the name of the well-known solitary little inn perched up there high in the mountains of the Upper Valais. Little inn, did I say? It has been much enlarged since I knew it first, but now even its enlarged fabric is overshadowed by a hotel which professes to seat I am afraid to say how many in its dining-room, and to provide cookery equal to any in Switzerland. It was not ready for use last year, and thus many, I suppose deceived by the size of the inn when seen from the valley two hours below it, came up to find that they could be provided with no bedrooms. We were lucky, aided possibly by some of the diplomacy gained in a good deal of "touring," in getting what I think was the best chamber in the house. Secure of this retreat, it was pleasant to see the extreme good-humour of the successive parties who kept crawling up all the afternoon, and were obliged gradually to fill the drawing-room, dining-room, bureau, and lastly the passages of the hotel. The whole ground-floor was paved with mattresses. As bed-time approached, the fortunate possessors of rooms had to retreat to them, for the purpose of allowing some twenty or thirty ladies and gentlemen to lie down, not exactly on the boards, but raised only some four inches above them. The chorus of snores from the basement in the middle of the night was like the rumble of a small cascade.

I don't quite know which I like best, the Bel Alp or the Aeggischhorn; but either of these places is, I think, a very enjoyable one in which to stay for some time. We made the Aeggischhorn our resting-place till we left, as straight as we could go, for Charing Cross; and we liked it better than ever. Pressed by no importunate resolution to "do" this or that in a given and short time, we walked off as soon after breakfast as we chose, to make some independent excursion in the neighbourhood, or lounged away the day in simply breathing perfect air and looking down into the sun-baked valley beneath us.

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The landlord had a big telescope on a tripod; thus we inspected the lower world—the little villages which dotted the sides of the mountains, the little fields with men, like pawns, at work in them, and little cows, even through the glass showing no bigger than mice, browsing on the distant hill-sides, and helping with their bells to raise a gentle hum which filled the still air.

One thing especially struck me. On the other side of the valley, miles and miles away, rose huge breadths of green alp. Idly sweeping them with the glass, everywhere I saw countless paths, trodden by countless generations of cows during their short summer pasturage. I asked myself, How many cows and goats walking scrupulously in a line would it require to stamp one of these deeply-indented paths? and how many summers would it take for the comparatively few cows that were ever in view to make even one of them? And yet these paths were absolutely innumerable. There was not a scrap of alp within the field of vision of the telescope as I turned it over many a mile of grass, but was covered with these hoof-printed ruts. How unchanged must this country have been through the long prehistoric ages of the past for such evidence of treading to become accumulated! Mighty as were the slow or sudden conversions that made these mountains, yet since they settled into their present shape, since the soil had gathered on the ruins of rocks, and been clothed with grass, all these paths must have been made! And, mind you, during the great portion of the year in which it can be traversed by cattle the ground is so hard that a passing hoof makes little or no impression. I could, of course, only dismiss the problem; but it conjured up before me such interminable and countless herds of browsing beasts reaching back far beyond the first glimmerings of possible perception, that I think the chief impression I carried away with me this last year from Switzerland was the persistent unchangeable testimony of cows to the presence of life upon its face long before the history of Switzerland began. And the testimony of these cows seems to bear upon the presence of man. The Swiss cow leads an artificial life. It is carefully stalled in the winter: it would die then but for the hay which its master stores. Surely the cows who made these paths must have had somebody to look after them. I leave the question to ethnologists.

Quietly sojourning in this upland solitary place for my summer holiday, I became aware, too, as I never did before, of the immense value of water in places where it would seem to be extravagantly abundant. Close under the Aeggischhorn inn there runs a little stream of water barely a foot wide, carefully led in a made channel from some permanent store still higher up in the mountains. This simple aqueduct passes hamlet after hamlet till it reaches a village, miles below, in the valley. I had heedlessly thought that the sides of these valleys were abundantly watered; but it is not so. Here was a little community which had been at the pains of drawing from some lofty mountain store, along the face of cliffs, and with all manner of ingenious engineering contrivance on a small scale, the water of their daily life. Let the idle tourist who is carelessly tempted to throw a sod into one of these little streams remember that they are really ducts of life, constructed at almost incredible pains—considering the appliances at the disposal of those who make them—by the in-

habitants of some little village, and that, in addition to much that makes his lot in life hard, the poor Swiss is really at much expense and labour to secure any wholesome use of what seems to be one of his most lavish possessions, viz., water.

I realised, too, as I never did before, the enormous lifting strength of the Swiss. Of course, if your ancestors have been walking up hill for many hundred years with loads on their backs, they are likely to transmit to you strong legs. But my last walk, down from the Aeggischhorn, whence I sped to London, impressed this most deeply upon me. I went down in company with a man who carried—well, you may as well call it a ton of milk on his back; I could not have lifted it off the ground, except at great, very great pains. I occupied myself ever so long in calculating what, from its cubic measure, this huge vessel of milk held, and what it weighed. I was afterwards still more amazed when I remembered how easily and how long this man of the mountains carried it, and how little he was aware that he was performing a stupendous feat of strength.

Repeated looking at one particular hamlet, through the telescope, on a hill-side, a hamlet which nobody ever went to or anybody ever left, which nobody knew the name of, and which apparently had nothing but cow-paths to it or near it, set up, too, or intensified, another musing. This hamlet had a little church, and therefore presumably a priest. The inhabitants of the Valais are very devoted Romanists. Now here was a small cluster of souls which found it could not get along without its religion. I dare say some of the phases of religion in this lonely hamlet were superstitious enough. The pictures of the Madonna in its church were no doubt gaudy, flaring, and inartistic; and I dare say it had some special saint-worship which the enlightened would deplore. Still it struck me that, having, as it must have had, the Ten Commandments and the Lord's Prayer as chief features in its religion, how these fit the most homely as well as the most enlarged life. How the duty towards God and the duty towards our neighbour involved in that moral law suit themselves to any life, the most toilsome and lonely as well as to the most refined and civilised! Man is much the same all the world over, in its hidden corners as well as in its fullest crowds. There, in that little unvisited hamlet, with its half-dozen families of cowherds, were the same sorrows, trials, and temptations as beset the dwellers in the city. There, too, was surely to be found the same Divine protest against common sin, the same way of access to God, to our Father which is in heaven. When I looked and saw, through the landlord's telescope, the people creeping into the church—it was so far off they hardly seemed to move—I felt how, with the great differences there are in Christendom, what a witness there was to the main features of its creed, when these unknown herdsmen evidently found in it what must have been to them their chief change, resource, and escape from the sense of sin which so often makes labour into toil. I wonder what the priest preached to them on that sunny festival of the church, when the little dots, one after another, passed under its roof. There could scarcely have been a dozen or so all told, and yet all the people went. Surely he told them, in his own way, and after the faith in which he and his small flock had been brought up, the same old tale, the same old news. A dull life for him, poor lonely priest! I hope he has a cow of his own, and a little

garden. Time must hang heavy on his hands. Yet, however long he may serve at the nameless hamlet, while he is there he is doing, up to his light, let us hope, his duty; and, after all, without clearer light his flock can do no more.

THE NEW WORLD AND THE OLD.

AMERICAN ILLUSTRATIONS OF EUROPEAN ANTIQUITIES.

BY PRINCIPAL DAWSON, LL.D., MONTREAL.

VII.—IMPLEMENTS, WEAPONS, AND ORNAMENTS OF THE STONE AGE.

CHIPPED stone scrapers, knives, and borers exist among the American tribes of exactly the same patterns as in prehistoric Europe; but we must now pass on to the polished stone implements made of quartzite, diorite, and other hard rocks. Those in America do not belong to a different age from those of chipped flint, nor is it conceivable that they could have done so. The makers of chipped implements must have possessed at least stone hammers; and in districts where cleavable flints could not be found the primitive men must have had recourse to other stones; and the use of the teeth, antlers, and horns of animals must from the first have led to imitations in stone and bone. Axes, chisels, and celts of polished stone run in parallel series to the hammers already mentioned; corresponding to the grooved hammers we have grooved axes. The hand hammers have correspondingly shaped celts and chisels, and the hammers with handle holes have their corresponding "Amazon axes," as they have been called in Europe.

I shall here merely make a few remarks on one or two of the kinds. The chisels show in their broken and battered heads the marks of the hammers with which they were driven in splitting wood. The axes for handling, on the other hand, are smooth and sometimes pointed at the top, or have a groove or grooves worked round them to give a more firm attachment by thongs or withes. In most cases the axe-like hammer has not been furnished with a socket, but was fastened into a hole or cleft in the handle, or was merely tied to it with thongs. Those with holes or sockets were usually small, elaborately worked, and often made of soft kinds of stone. There is no good reason, however, to believe that they were merely ornamental. They were, no doubt, unsuited for cleaving wood, but they would, as already explained, be used as tomahawks for killing fish and small animals, or even in war, and the Indian had the art of throwing them with great force and precision. They were, in short, to the American what the boomerang is to the Australian. Sir John Lubbock conjectures that such axes were not used till after metallic tools were introduced; but this was certainly not so in America.

The hollow chisel, or gouge, is a very common implement among the northern Indians, but less common apparently in the south. It was always long, smooth, and often broken by hammering at the upper end. But some specimens have the upper end worked into a sharp edge. Like the hoes already referred to, these chisels are often found in groups or nests, indicating that they were used by parties or companies of people. This accords with

the prevalent belief already mentioned, that they were the implements for tapping the maple-tree in spring to extract its sap. This seems to have been universally used among the northern Indians. In the east the sugar maple and white maple are tapped, and in the west the allied *Negundo*. The juice was then boiled into syrup, but Charlevoix states that among the Canadian Indians at least it was not crystallised into sugar until after the arrival of the Europeans.

In Europe these gouges are supposed to have been used for hollowing canoes, but it is precisely in those regions in America where bark canoes and not those of hollow logs were used that these hollow chisels most abound. In some cases also the hollow is cut the whole length of the chisel, so that it forms a spout which might be used to collect the sap as well as to make the incision. These gouges were, however, probably used to hollow wooden troughs to contain the juice, an operation which the modern backwoodsman performs with an adze or a chisel. The modern Scandinavians make sugar or syrup from the birch, and as, according to Nilsson, the hollow gouges of that country are found in nests or groups, they may mark the sites of sugar camps. In that country, however, it is probable that canoes were principally made from trunks of trees, and the Polynesians, who used hollow stone chisels, must have employed them in making such canoes. No hollow chisels appear as yet to have been found in connection with so-called Palæolithic remains, so that we do not know whether the oldest European tribes tapped trees or dug out troughs or canoes. Still, as these hollow chisels, if they existed, would be found by themselves, and not associated with chipped implements, the inveterate prejudice which regards polished and chipped implements as of different ages would probably dissociate them from the contemporary remains.

Bone was extensively used in America, as in Europe, for a great variety of purposes, but the perishable nature of bone implements causes them to be difficult of recovery even from sites so modern comparatively as that of Hochelaga. Fortunately, however, some of these implements may still be found in use among our western tribes. The American bone fish-spear or harpoon is constructed on the same plan with that of prehistoric Europe, and the visitor to the British Museum may see bone harpoons from the caves of the reindeer folk in France so like those in the same collection from Greenland and Terra del Fuego that all might have come from the same workshop. The fish-spear was always an important means of subsistence with the American savage. In the south large fish were killed with spears made of canes, with the point sharpened and hardened in the fire. In the north barbed bone spears were used, and also little unbarbed bones with two elastic pieces of wood at the sides to hold the body of the fish between them when pierced with the spear. Even in winter the Indian cuts a hole through the ice, and sitting beside it, spears the fish that are attracted by the light. Pointed bone implements, explicable as spears, arrow-heads, bodkins, piercers, and potters' stamps, are not uncommon in the kitchen-middens of old Hochelaga, though often softened and impaired by decay. Their appearance may be learned from the figures which I give of a few of them, and which will recall the prehistoric European bone implements

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which the reader may have seen in museums, or figured in books (Fig. 25).

One very neat little bone implement found at Hochelaga has on one end a round stamp to make rings on pottery, while the other end is pointed, and may have been used for drawing lines. Others are

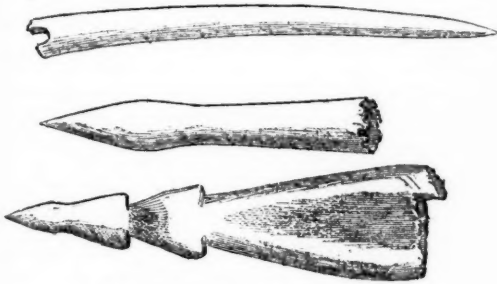


Fig. 25.—BONE NEEDLE AND SPEARS, HOCHELAGA.

explained by the habits of the modern tribes as pins for weaving snow-shoes, and others are similar to the piercers used by the northern Indians in making holes for the *watep*, or cord of spruce or larch roots, used for stitching together the birch-bark of their canoes. I figure one of these purchased from a squaw who was using it in this way at the Lake of the Woods (Fig. 25). Instruments very similar to these are figured by Lartet and Christy from the French caves, and by Dupont from those of Belgium.

The ancient prehistoric people of France and Belgium made, according to Lartet and Dupont, very neat and serviceable sewing-needles of bone, and similar, though coarse, needles were used in Canada. One of them in my collection from Hochelaga is flattened and bent like the collar-needles used by saddlers, and has an eye large enough to receive pack-thread. It may have been used in sewing skin garments with sinews of deer. We can easily imagine the surprise of women accustomed to such rough handiwork, when they were first introduced to the French fashions of those days, as seen on the persons of Cartier and his gentlemen volunteers. They crowded around them, touched their garments, and wept, as he says, for joy, but perhaps merely because they were thoroughly overcome by the contemplation of such rare and inimitable woman's work, the like of which they had not seen, nor had they heard of such things except in the vague and uncertain rumours of the cotton-clad Mexicans and mound-builders which may have reached the valley of the St. Lawrence. Bone needles are used by the Esquimaux, and seem to have been universal among the American Indians. They abound in the caves of the "Reindeer period" in France, and that they were used in the still earlier "Mammoth age" seems to be proved by the discovery by Dr. Rivière of needles in the Mentone Cave, and also by the character of the ornamental head-dress of the Mentone skeleton. Their use among the Americans was not only to sew together their skin garments with the sinews of the deer, but to embroider them with patterns, and to attach to them the beads and perforated shells with which they were ornamented. They were also used in making nets, and in weaving the network of snow-shoes. There is no reason as yet to believe that the earlier prehistoric peoples of Europe could make textile fabrics. These appear for the first time

in the Swiss lake habitations, but there are figures of human arms apparently with embroidered sleeves in Lartet and Christy's collections, and which are sufficient to show the same love of needlework which is observed among the modern Esquimaux and Indians, and which was so conspicuous among all early historic nations of the Old World.

According to Cartier, the most valuable of all the possessions of the people of Canada and Hochelaga was that which they called "Esurguy," the same known more familiarly to us by its New England name of "wampum." The great original wampum of America was probably that which still stands at the head of all kinds of beads, the pearl, which seems to have been collected by the Southern Indians, and is mentioned by the early Spanish adventurers as an abundant and valued possession of the chiefs. Next to this came polished and perforated pieces of the shell of the pearl oyster, and of other shells. The solid columella of the great Strombus, and other large univalves, was used by the Indians of the south. The New England Indians used the hard shell of the "Quahog" (*Venus mercenaria*), the purple spot at the posterior end of the shell forming the more precious blue wampum. The more northern coast tribes sometimes used the shells of the great Clam (*Macra solidissima*). The inland nations purchased wampum from those of the coast, and, like the coast Indians, they used small shells perforated with holes. The wampum of the Iroquois, and also of the Hochelagans, was made of freshwater univalves, probably the *Melania*. They also ground into perforated discs for beads the pearly shells of freshwater Unios. The Indians of the west coast use the long tubular shells of the *Dentalium*. Copper beads and long bugles were worked out of the native metal, and a cheaper kind of bead was made of clay, moulded into ornamental discs and baked. (Fig. 26.) Whatever

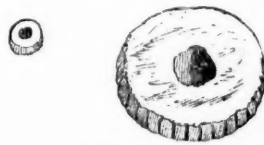


Fig. 26.—SHELL AND TERRA-COTTA BEADS, HOCHELAGA.

the form or material, wampum was in universal use for ornament or dress, and as necklaces, bracelets, and anklets, both among men and women. It was also a medium of exchange, and was buried with the dead as a possession valuable even in the world of spirits. Champlain informs us that the Huron girls accumulated strings of wampum for their dowry, and lavishly adorned themselves with it on occasions of festivity. In another paper I shall hope to reproduce, in illustration of this, his drawing of a Huron belle dressed for a dance.

That it was carried to great distances is shown by the discovery of tropical shells far to the north, in the interior of America. I have seen the remains of a necklace found in a grave at Brockville, on the St. Lawrence, composed in part of shells of *Purpura capillus* from the distant coast of New England, and in part of rude beads of native copper from Lake Superior. When Cartier left Stadacona with Donnaconna as his prisoner, the people brought twenty-four strings or necklaces of wampum as a ransom for their chief, no doubt thinking that even in the distant

country of the stranger so large a quantity of treasure would be a fortune too tempting to be refused. So when a great chief died, treasures of wampum were placed with him to enrich him in the other world; and even the infant had strings of it twined around its little corpse, to secure a welcome in the happy fields of the west.

In his universal use of wampum the American was but kin to all men from the beginning. If we turn to the pages of Genesis, we find the gold, pearls, and agate of Havilah as the riches of primitive man. If we turn to those old graves of the Mammoth age, which reveal to us the habits of the oldest men known to geology, wampum appears to be the universal treasure. Perhaps one of the most curious illustrations of this is the skeleton discovered by Dr. Rivière, in a cave at Mentone, on the borders of France and Italy. This and some companion caves are situated in a rocky cliff bordering a narrow terrace overlooking the sea, and which seems to have been a highway, or pass, from prehistoric times to those of modern railways. Among the earliest lodgers to whom these caves afforded a resting-place in their wanderings and a place of sepulture, were some of those tribes who are believed to have used only roughly chipped implements, and to have been contemporary with the now extinct mammoth and woolly rhinoceros of the Post-pliocene period. A man of one of these tribes had been buried here, having probably died from wounds while on the march. As we shall find when we come to consider physical characters, this man was essentially in head and frame an American, as were also his contemporaries in other parts of Europe, and their habits and modes of sepulture were American as well. His head had been covered with a cap or chaplet, ornamented with the perforated shells of a *Nassa*, thickly plaited into the network of the head-dress. Around the edge was a fringe of perforated canines of the deer, two flint arrows—trophies perhaps of war—were fixed on the back, and in front was a bone pin, which had probably supported his long hair. Bracelets and anklets of similar shells adorned his stalwart limbs, and to complete the resemblance a little oxide of iron was placed in front of his face, the "war paint," wherewith to appear in presence of his ancestors. Could this old brave Mentone, belonging to a tribe whose very name is unknown to history, spring again into life, he would, in garb, arms, and appearance, have shown no marked difference from the tribes that inhabited the St. Lawrence valley three hundred years ago. This is not an isolated case, for we find that the same customs with regard to wampum prevailed throughout Western Europe in the oldest prehistoric times known to us, and that shell beads were transported by trade or migration to great distances, exactly as in America. There is no good reason to assign to these prehistoric men of Europe the fabulous antiquity claimed for them by some; but they carry back the customs of America to a time as old as any known to us by human remains and works of art.

In America the wampum had a still higher use. Woven into belts of various patterns, into which dates and histories and national treaties were "talked," it formed the records of the American tribes; committed to the care of "wampum-keepers," it was handed down from one generation to another, and regarded in the same light as that in which we view our most precious national archives. The treaty of

the Lenni-Lenape with Penn in 1682 is commemorated by a great belt of white and purple wampum, still preserved in Philadelphia, and probably made of the Venus shell. The great charter of the Iroquois league, according to Morgan, was made of freshwater univalves, and in the early records of New France we constantly read of belts or strings of wampum as being presented in confirmation of engagements or claims. Wilson well states the analogy of all this with the quipas, or knotted strings, which formed the records of the Peruvians, and which, like the wampum of the north, were sometimes buried in their graves as records of their lives and deeds. Of this use of wampum as a substitute for letters we have, I believe, as yet no trace in Europe; but may we not hope yet to find the buried quipa or historic wampum of some prehistoric man or tribe?

The strange and ghastly custom of preserving portions of the bodies of slaughtered enemies as trophies of victory belongs to the American in common with some of the races of the Old World. In scalping the slain, he agrees with the ancient Scythians as described by Herodotus, and with the modern aborigines of Formosa, according to the reports of missionaries to that country. Our own heathen forefathers made drinking bowls of the skulls of the dead, and two specimens illustrative of this practice have been disinterred in Hochelaga. They are human parietal bones, trimmed around the edges so as to form flat bowls, and one of them has a hole at the edge, probably for a string to suspend it. That customs of this nature were prevalent in antiquity we have evidence even in the monuments of civilised nations; but as yet, I believe no traces of them have been found among European prehistoric remains. Perhaps such terrible practices were as yet unknown to prehistoric men, and belonged to the moral degradation of historic times alone.

THE MANDARIN'S DAUGHTER.

CHAPTER XI.—MY RECEPTION BY THE MANDARIN.

ON the next day, when I returned to the mandarin's house, I could not help noticing that although the entrances to the inner apartments were of various forms, not one of them was square-shaped. Some were oval, round, or hexagon; others the form of a jar or a bottle; but the prettiest designs were copied from different kinds of fruit, with the stalks and leaves pierced in the walls overhead as a fan-light. Then the windows were in the form of the tea-blossom, the lotus-flower, and the camellia; also those of butterflies and birds. From their peculiar shapes there were no wooden doors or window-frames, but heavy curtains could be drawn to exclude the cold air.

It was a bright sunny afternoon, and the taste and design of the architecture of the houses and the pretty gardens they overlooked—so different from anything of the kind in Europe—perfectly realised what I had seen depicted on Chinese ware. At home one's gardens are all outside the houses, but here there were miniature gardens inside as well.

When Loo A-Lee appeared, her beauty was set off to greater advantage than before by the elegance of

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her dress and toilet. She wore a long loose jacket, with a tunic under it, and wide trousers. These were made of rich-coloured silk and black satin, most elaborately embroidered. The tunic buttoned round the neck and down the side; the jacket had very wide sleeves, which were of silk lined with satin, turned up, and embroidered with coloured threads in flowery designs. The trousers were covered with a petticoat which was drawn close at the bottom, exposing her small natural-shaped feet, encased in pretty shoes. She wore heavy gold bracelets, and several brilliant rings shone upon her fingers. Her ear-rings were long and valuable, and her head-dress was studded with precious stones, the hair being done up in the form of a butterfly.

"This is my father," said Loo A-Lee, introducing a tall, middle-aged person, who came forward from the company which was assembled, with a commanding presence, and a face more expressive than is usual among the Chinese. Then turning to her father, she said, "This is the noble stranger who rescued me from the palace of Yuen-ming-yuen, and protected me on my way home. He understands our language, so that you may speak your mind freely to him."

Then the stately mandarin made a step forward, bowing three times, and clasping his hands, saying, "Tsing-tso!" (Please to be seated); whereupon both of us sat down on handsomely-carved chairs of Sapan-wood.

"What is your honourable surname?" he asked.

"Thank you!" I replied, adopting the Chinese idiom; "my surname is Ca-me-la."

"And my mean surname is Loo. I trust you are very well."

Here a servant entered with a tray full of teacups exquisitely painted, each having a lid to keep in the fragrance of the beverage, which is always drunk in China without sugar or cream.

"Please take some tea," my host said, politely, handing a cup, which I accepted with thanks.

After these usual salutations were over, the mandarin proceeded to state that he supposed his daughter had gone to Je-hol in the empress's retinue, until one of her late companions who was able to reach the city informed him of the sudden departure of her majesty with only one attendant, leaving her other maids of honour behind, among whom was Loo A-Lee. By this time the city gates were closed, and he could not get out to search for her, and even if he had done so he was afraid of being taken prisoner. Then his duties at the Board of Ceremonies required him to attend at the signing of the convention and ratification of the treaty. But as soon as the gates were open he went forth to make inquiries, and his apprehensions were set at rest when he called at the Kwan-yin nunnery, where he received tidings of her safety, and of her return home.

"Not only do I thank you for your brave and honourable conduct, but all who are here assembled, as relations and connections of our family, join me in expressing their gratitude, and my daughter will not be the least grateful of all."

Thereupon the whole company arose, and bowed three times, in the same manner that the mandarin had done. Then some of the ladies came forward, begging my acceptance of some presents they had brought with them. I then stood up, and said, "Sir, I thank you, your daughter, and these your relatives, for this kind expression of goodwill to me,

a stranger, and one who was lately fighting against your government. But know this, that it is the duty, as well as the inclination, of a British soldier to protect a lady in distress. I consider myself to have been so fortunate as to lend assistance to your daughter, and hope I shall have the high honour of seeing you often while I remain in this great city."

A buzz of approbation followed this little speech, and the mandarin said I should be always welcome, adding, "But you will stay with us and partake of our humble entertainment in honour of the safe return home of my daughter."

I could not but accept this kind invitation; indeed, had anticipated something of the sort, and had obtained leave of absence from the camp that night, making arrangements with the guard at the Anting gate to put up at their quarters.

It may be readily supposed that I was an object of curiosity to that Chinese company, especially to the ladies, most of whom had never seen a European before. First the men came up, and in the most inquisitive but polite manner examined my uniform. The buttons, the epaulets, sash, and the texture of the cloth were expatiated on by each person; even my boots underwent a close scrutiny. Then came the ladies, young and old, who displayed no backwardness in looking up in my face and making their comments on my features. At first there was an air of quietness amongst the party, but now that the first ceremonies of introduction were over, all of them, young and old, chatted and laughed with the greatest glee. While the mandarin and his daughter were superintending the preparations for the feast in a hall adjoining the reception-room, the guests gave themselves up to lively conversation and merriment. I inquired if the host's wife was alive, and heard that she was not, and that Loo A-Lee was the only female member of his family.

On questioning my affable informant as to their manners and customs, I found that education is universally considered necessary in the case of boys, but is sparingly enjoyed by their sisters. While all admit it to be indispensable to advancement, and to the daily business of life in reference to the one sex, they deny the utility to the other; and "this is not so much for the want of affection for our girls as from a sense of its uselessness. Some parents, however, are of a different opinion, and provide learned ladies to instruct their daughters. Such was the case with Meng-kee and his deceased wife, who gave A-Lee a course of instruction not much inferior to that of a learned Han-lin scholar. It was in consequence of her learning, and not having cramped feet, that our host's daughter obtained the post of an attendant on the empress, who is a woman of great wisdom, and will have no cramped-footed women in her retinue, she also herself having her feet of the natural shape."

Here the mandarin entered the apartment, followed by his daughter, behind whom came a number of female attendants, who separated, each one standing behind the chair of her mistress. These servants were all under eighteen years of age, and were the daughters of poor people, who had sold them into a kind of slavery, which ceases after they attain that age; so that they are pawned, as it were, by their parents, who have not the trouble of feeding or clothing them during their girlhood, while they receive a small premium of fifteen or twenty dollars from the master of the family where they are em-

ployed. "The rights of these girls," said my communicative neighbour, "are clearly defined in our code of laws, and strictly attended to. They have a full claim to all the clothes they have received during the whole period of their service, and retain them when they return to their parents. They may be redeemed at any time on payment of the original premium, and some other stipulations. Fines and punishments are imposed on their masters if they are cruelly treated, and mistresses are commanded to treat them with clemency."

This interesting conversation was interrupted by the striking of a gong in the outer hall, which commenced with slow and light blows and gradually increased in rapidity and loudness, until the whole establishment resounded with reverberations which culminated in several loud and distinct blows, when it ceased. Then a number of male servants lined the doorway, and the mandarin, with stately demeanour, led the way to the dining-hall, the gentlemen first and the ladies afterwards. When they entered the hall the master of the house took his seat on an arm-chair in the middle of a crescent-shaped table, and his guests were ranged in chairs at a lower level on each side; the post of honour on his left, according to Chinese etiquette, being given to me.

The gentlemen sat only on one side of the table, on its outer edge, the opposite side having no chairs, with an open space behind hung with splendid lanterns and drapery. At the left extremity of the table was a raised platform, on which numerous small tables with chairs stood. Here the ladies seated themselves, and from their elevation could overlook the great table and its occupants. Before each guest were several small porcelain dishes, reminding one of the toy dishes children have at home when "playing at dinner." Each person had brought his own "nimble-lads," or chopsticks, which he took out of a case hung at his belt, some of them being made of ivory, and mounted with gold and precious stones. The host had provided a knife and fork for me, but I said that I would use a pair of chopsticks in preference, which pleased both host and company.

Among the first courses placed upon the table were soups and made dishes, which included the famous "bird's-nest soup." It was clear and gelatinous, with poached plovers' eggs in it. There was rice on the table, but many helped themselves to rich cakes and sweetmeats while partaking of the rich soups and stews. There was no salt, but there were plenty of highly-salted sauces within reach. Into these the diners deftly dipped their chopsticks with a piece of meat—such as roast pork cut up into small pieces—and holding a small plate or dish of rice in their left hands, conveyed the dripping morsel over it to their mouths.

Then followed a course, the *pièces de resistance* of which were ducks and fowls, out of which every bone had been extracted before cooking. Consequently there was no necessity to carve them with knives, for the juicy meat yielded easily to the pinching of the chopsticks. The only appearance of a carver's duties was by the person sitting opposite one of these dishes helping his neighbours. Not only was this performed by his kinsmen, but by the mandarin, and when he wished to show a special mark of favour to any of his guests, he would send portions of his own *recherche* dishes to them. I came in for these attentions frequently, and once my little porcelain ladle had several ducks' tongues dropped into it, taken from

a dish containing at least fifty of these minute delicacies.

During the courses the servants brought round a native wine something like sherry, which was quite hot, in a teapot, and was poured out into cups. Besides this wine, several kinds of spirituous liquors were brought in, apparently all distilled from rice, and called *sam-shoo*, resembling sweetened gin. While drinking this, one guest would challenge another, repeating a rhyme until one of them made a mistake, when he was obliged to drain his cup. Then the host drained a bumper of rose-coloured wine to his foreign guest, which example was followed by all present, and had I responded to each I should have soon been tipsy, but I contented myself by drinking a toast in good old English fashion, first thanking my host for his hospitality, his kinsmen for their attention, and last, though not least, the ladies, including especially the beautiful and accomplished Loo A-lee, the "Bright Pearl" of Peking.

It is difficult to say how long my eloquence would have continued had I not observed some movement on the floor in the vacant space before the table, which brought the speech to a close. This movement was the entrance of some singers and performers, to commence a kind of play for the entertainment of the company. It was different from the public theatricals, where no women appear on the stage, the female characters being performed by young men. In this case they were all females, some dressed in male attire, and the performance was accompanied by some who played upon lutes and guitars, which pro-



duced a twang not much louder than that from a toy fiddle in this country. However, the entertainment seemed to please the audience, and in token of their approbation the host and his friends threw money on to the stage, an example which I naturally followed.

During the performance, dessert of fruit and sweetmeats was served up, with tea and other warm beverages, while the conversation went on all the time without much heed being given to the play, except by the ladies, the younger portion of whom expressed their enjoyment of it in audible terms. However, the utmost decorum prevailed during the evening, and when it was time to depart, the most cordial exchange of civilities was evinced by all towards their entertainer and his daughter. On reaching the vestibule quite a crowd of chair-bearers with their chairs filled the place in which the parting guests took their leave. One of them was placed at my disposal, and thus I got safely and comfortably to the guard-house at the Anting gate, where I took up my quarters for the night.